EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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GOLDEN SAYINGS

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Behold, the New Year beckons like a star!

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play.

If thou wouldst walk in light,
Make other spirits bright.

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.

Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
And in each morrow find a New Year's day.

God knoweth what for each is best,
And He is perfect love.

LUTHER AND THE COUNT OF ERBACH.

A Story by K. Caspari, from a Tradition of the Odenwald. Adapted from the German for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, by KATHERINE HAGAR.

ON the evening of the 8th of April, 1518, Count Erberhard was seen hastening over the drawbridge of his castle at Erbach, spurring his black horse so that his armed knights could hardly keep up with him. It had troubled him to leave the castle; for his young daughter Hildegarde lay there sick unto death, and his wife had thrown her arms around him as if she thought that death itself would be afraid to seize the little child while the brave Count stayed. But he had torn himself from her embrace; and heavy as had been his heart when he cast a last look at the pale face of his little daughter, yet a wild joy could be seen in his eyes as at the head of his knights he rode rapidly towards the little city, where the lights were already shining, and evening bells were ringing. "Accursed be the man who, through indolence, fails to do the Master's work," called after him John Spreckel, the priest from Michelstadt, who on account of the sickness of the child was staying at the castle; "He that loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than me is not worthy of me;" but the tones of his voice were unheard amid the noisy tread of the horses.

Although many questioned, no one could discover why the Count at this time of anxiety rode so hastily away from the castle. He was known as an impetuous man, who could not brook contradiction, but who had a heart tender and full of feeling as a woman's. Some thought he had gone to Amorbach for a renowned physician, and that he had taken his knights with him, for the pass over the heights of Erbach was dangerous, as it was infested with robbers. Others maintained that he wished to frighten the inhabitants of Sickingischen, who had enticed his son there, and were retaining him with his tutor from Strasburg; for a messenger from the Count of Kellenberg had been seen riding through the castle-gate an hour previous to the departure of the Count Erberhard. But they were all mistaken. The errand which had forced the Count from his tender thoughts as he sat by the bedside of his sick daughter, and filled his mind with wrathful fury, was this:—

In the autumn of the past year Martin Luther had posted his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences on the castle church of Wittenberg. In a fortnight these theses were read in almost all the German States. They had found an entrance into the heart of many a humble peasant, and even princes by reading them became conscious of their spiritual poverty. But the Count of Erbach had threatened the believers with severe punishment; he had joined the priests in fierce opposition; and John Spreckel, a Benedictine monk from Michelstadt, — a learned, earnest, truly good man, — had urged him to oppose with prudence and diligence the entrance of this new doctrine into the land, though he could as easily have prevented the wind from blowing through the valley of the Odenwald.

This year, on the 26th of April, a public discussion was to be held at an Augustinian convent at Heidelberg; and Luther, full of courage, provided by the Elector of Saxony with a letter of recommendation, proceeded on foot on his way, although some of his friends, fearing for his safety, had attempted to dissuade him from the journey.

Almost in triumph Luther went from city to city, sympathizing with the troubled people, and winning the undecided and hostile with his courageous preaching in the streets of the cities or on the highways. He had passed through Würzburg, experiencing there a friendly reception from the Bishop Laurence of Birbra, and intended to pass on through Miltenberg, one of whose laymen, John Draco, had voted for Luther. The city was festively prepared for his reception.

In the whole country there was no more furious opponent than Count Erberhard, with the exception of the Abbot of Amorbach and the Benedictine monks in Michelstadt. Every report of the approach of the hated monk and of the satisfaction of the people smote his ear as the words of the messengers did Job's. He heard wrathfully of the festive preparation of the people of Miltenberg; and after that no one had heard a kind word from him save his little daughter, whose dangerous sickness seemed only to increase his gloom. The priest had occasionally hinted to him that a courageous, decided man could put an end to the excitement that was caused by this reformer among all the people. Finally he spoke openly, and represented to the Count that he had always gone willingly to avert material suffering from his people; and now if he dared to ride forth in the service of God for the spiritual welfare of his subjects it would be an easy task for him to capture the reformer, who was proceeding on his way without armed escort, and to deliver him to the keeping of the monks of Michelstadt, who would place him in the cloisters of Steinbach, where he could stay until he should agree to recant publicly his doctrine, or until his name should be forgotten.

The Count listened readily to this counsel. He had often wished that he could drive this heresy from the land with lance and sword; and he cried out as his ancestors had formerly responded to the words of Pope Urban at Clermont, "God wills it! God wills it!" as though he too was preparing to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. He sent soon to the Count of Kollenberg for information, as he wished to know when the Reformer would come from Miltenberg, and whether he would pass by the river Main through Aschaffenburg or by Amorbach through Odenwald. The Count had made arrangements for both routes. If he should go by the Main, the Count's two friends, Echter and Bernhold, with six sure knights, were lying in ambush in the grove between Worth and Oldenburg ready to capture him, and deliver him in the most profound secrecy to Erbach; but should he pass through Odenwald, the Count would himself conduct the enterprise.

After two days the messenger had returned with the information that Luther's departure was fixed for the following day, but he could not ascertain the proposed route. In order that he might not fail in securing his prey, the Count, although that evening his little daughter lay sick unto death, rushed forth and took the road to Miltenberg. Night was approaching as he rode over the heights of Eulbach; pine-wood torches burned in the huts of the villagers; but the Count rode with such haste that as it struck eight o'clock the knights had reached the hill on the Mudau, where, according to agreement, a messenger waited with the intelligence that his orders were executed, and the men were already lying in ambush for Luther. The Count now rode contentedly through the gate of the city of Miltenberg. Groups of men were scattered about the streets, speaking of Luther and the powerful sermon which he had delivered that day. The Count rode angrily past the joyful people, and alighted at the inn of the Sword, in whose proximity Luther had taken lodgings.

"Ah, Sir Count," said the innkeeper, with many bows, "I never thought that Luther would bring your Honor here."

The Count went gruffly on, and entered his chamber. Wearied with his hasty ride and his disturbed feeling, he threw himself on the couch, and soon fell into quiet slumber. After sleeping a few hours he awoke, and stepped to the window of his room. Almost every one is affected by the stillness of night. When every living being, from the strong man in his chamber to the little bird in its nest, rests in quiet slumber, we think of Him whose still, small voice can be heard. The Count may have felt this influence, for his fierce spirit was softened. Dark and silent lay the night over the city and its sleeping inhabitants. A few stars shone in the sky; the murmuring of the river Main was heard from the distance, and the little bells of the neighboring cloister called to prayer. His furious ride the evening before, with its fell purpose, lay behind him like a dream; his thoughts turned homeward to his sick child and anxious wife; then they rose up to the Father in heaven, who alone has power over life and death, and finally ascended in a heart-felt prayer, in which he placed his cares in the hands of God.

Suddenly a light shone in the corner chamber of the next house, and the strong deep voice of a man, which penetrated distinctly across to him in the silence of the night, spoke these words: "To the governing hand of God."

As the Count lodged in the highest story he could look down into the room of his neighbor, and he saw distinctly the dark form of a man kneeling in prayer. He turned over the leaves of a book; then he continued his prayer: "O Lord, my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me; deliver me out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man, for mine enemies lay wait for my soul, taking counsel together." The Count had never before heard such a prayer; every word seemed like the stroke of a hammer knocking at the gate of heaven, especially the last words: "My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart. Oh, my God, I trust in thee; let me not be ashamed; let not mine enemies triumph over me!" He uttered these words with such strength and confidence that the Count thought, "In truth he has a better shield and a sharper sword than I." Then he prayed from his heart for the Christians assembled in the city with such earnestness that the Count, with tears in his eyes, folded his hands and said loudly, "Amen, amen; may it come to pass, O God, as this thy servant asketh!"

Restlessly the Count strode up and down his room until daylight, with but one desire, — to see face to face this man whose earnest prayer had melted his heart. As soon as the sun shone into his chamber he called the landlord. The Count spoke hastily. "Can you tell me the name of the man who is lodging in that room?" pointing to one with the curtain down.

"Can I tell you?" answered the host. "I can easily tell you. You have seen Luther, the arch-heretic; his light has been burning for a few hours."

The Count stood as if thunder-struck. At last he said, "Luther?"

"Yes; Doctor Martin Luther," said the host, looking with surprise at his startled face. "Has your Honor any orders?" but receiving no answer, shaking his head, he left the room.

The Count stood as though spell-bound; then

without stopping for his breakfast he went quickly to the room that Luther occupied.

The latter had risen from his chair at his entrance, and looked inquiringly at the man, as tall and large as himself, who in full armor, his sword by his side, stood before him unable to speak. But when he at last kindly inquired his wishes the Count fell on his knees, crying out, "Man, you are better than I. Forgive me, O God, for my thought of harming him!" Then he related the purpose with which he had left his castle, and that he had heard his prayer, and had been overcome by his words.

"Not my words," said Luther, "but the words of the Lord that, unworthy as I am, I must honor and preach through all the German States. Go your way in peace, Sir Count!" and he finished his counsel to him with the sentence, "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever."

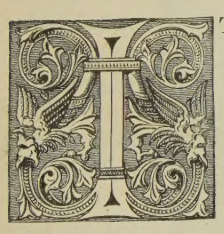
Outside of the gate of the city his knights and those who had come by the river Main waited for his commands. The Count rode up to them, and, turning into the road home, said, dispersing them, "Proceed home in peace; the mercy of the Lord endureth forever."

As he rode into the door-way of his castle his wife came to meet him, and throwing herself joyfully into his arms she said: "Hildegarde has slept long and well, and is sitting in her little bed playing with her toys, and waiting for her dear father."

From this time the Count was persistent in his zeal and watchful care to promulgate by faithful preachers this new doctrine to his subjects. Among the princes who were present at the diet of Worms, 1521, the name of the cup-bearer, Count Erberhard of Erbach, was found, and he made there a good profession of faith as an enlightened friend of the evangelical cause. In the list of the ministers who preached the gospel in Brensbach, a village of Erbach, appears the name of John Spreckel, the priest from Michelstadt; and around his pulpit, which, according to the inscription, was erected in 1526 by the Count Erberhard of Erbach, can still be seen the words: "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever."

DAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY C. A. H.



T was Christmas-eve, a glorious winter night too; the stars shone brightly out of the clear sky, and the air was keen and frosty.

On the streets throngs of people were hurrying from one brightly lighted store to another, finishing their Christmas shopping.

It was pleasant to see the light and bustle, and to hear the cheery tones of the people as they passed along, talking of the good times that were coming on the morrow.

Little Dan, the newsboy, lingered long after his papers were sold, to enjoy the pleasant sights and sounds.

Poor Dan, he had no father or mother; the Widow Meguinn had taken the orphan boy in, and looked after him until he was old enough to go on the street with the rest of the boys to sell papers; since then he had taken care of himself. So it was no wonder, that with no home, except a miserable little attic room which he shared with three other boys, Dan preferred the streets.

As he strolled along, his attention was drawn to a knot of newsboys in front of a building.

"What's up?" he inquired of one of them.

"Christmas-tree in there," answered the boy, giving a jerk of his thumb in the direction of a brightly lighted room.

"Wish I'd got a ticket," he went on; "lots of the fellers did, but I was too late. 'All given out,' the boss said; but I'm going up to peek in. Come on."

Dan followed to the door of the room where the tree was. To their delight, they found it a little way open, so that they could look in and see the tree in all its glory, and the crowd of boys gathered around it.

A gentleman was telling the tale of the Christ who was born in a manger, and how God sent him to the earth, to tell of His love and care for all His dear children.

"Yes, boys," he said, "God is your best friend. He has watched over you every day of your lives; He loves you all; and now cannot you do something for Him? Every kind action you perform, or kind word you speak, is doing something for your Father who lives in heaven."

Then the boys watched with eager interest while the gifts were distributed, and after this was over they crept home to their wretched garret.

But the words Dan had heard had sunk deep down into his heart. It was a new thought to Dan, who had had no one all his life to care for him, that he had a Friend who loved and watched over him every day; and he resolved, before he went to sleep, that he would do something for this unknown Friend of his.

Christmas morning dawned clear and beautiful, and Dan was out early with his bundle of papers. Trade was brisk; and in a short time he had sold out, and was just going to a restaurant to treat himself to a good big cup of coffee, when he caught sight of a poor little cripple leaning against the side of a building, with his unsold papers under his arm.

The thought flashed across his mind, that here was something he could do for his Friend, but he was so hungry that for a moment he turned away; then he ran back and caught the papers from the boy's arm, saying, "I'll sell them for you, Pat," and was off.

The second lot were not as easily disposed of as the first had been, and Dan got very hungry before the last paper was gone; but the poor little cripple's grateful face, when he came back with the coppers in his hand, fully rewarded him.

As he came from his breakfast, he noticed an old gentleman trying to cross the street; but there were so many teams passing that he surely would have been run over if Dan had not led him safely across.

"Thank you, my boy," he said, "you have perhaps saved me from a bad accident."

Then, as he walked along, he saw some boys teasing a poor little ash-girl. All her coals were spilled on the sidewalk, and she was crying bitterly.

Dan pushed his way to her side; and as soon as her tormentors found that some one had come to her rescue, they all ran off. Then Dan helped to gather the coals up again.

And so it was, all the glad Christmas day, that Dan found on the busy streets something to do for his Friend. And at night, when he crept to bed, he felt so happy that he thought the dear Father must have loved and watched over him more that day than he had ever done before.

History and Biography.

AN EMPEROR'S RULE.

BY JUNIATA STAFFORD.

"A MAN should always have these two rules in readiness: the one, to do only whatever the reason of the ruling and legislative faculty may suggest for the use of men; the other, to change thy opinion if there is any one at hand who sets thee right and moves thee from thy opinion."

Seventeen hundred years ago Marcus Aurelius Antoninus said these words; and they come sound, and clear, and needed, to our ears to-day. The first rule I shall pass over; the second I want to speak about.

People are usually very much afraid to change their opinions. They think it looks weak and unmanly. They imagine themselves firm in sticking to their first honest opinion, when they are only obstinate. Boys and girls are no more so than many men and women. It is because the purpose of their lives is wrong. They do not go through life saying, "I will be perfectly honest with myself and others. I will seek only the truth. I may be sometimes mistaken; I will acknowledge my mistake."

It takes a good deal of courage to do this. Be sure your boy or girl is good and brave who *carefully* changes his opinion.

Antoninus again says: "But this change of opinion must proceed only from a certain persuasion, as of what is just, or of common advantage, and the like; not because it appears pleasant or brings reputation."

This hardly needs a word of mine to explain it; but I may point you to some of our public men who change their political opinions just before, or at, election time; to the boy who joins the base ball club he was "down on" yesterday, because to-day it offers him a higher position than the rival club; to the City Councils who, in a body, change completely and suddenly their opinions about certain measures offered for their consideration.

How little respect such changes of opinion command! Why? Because the changes did not proceed from the right kind of persuasion. They were made not because the matter was just, or of common advantage, but because it was of individual advantage.

Antoninus must have dwelt upon this honest change of opinion very frequently; for at quite another period of his life he again says: "If any man is able to convince me, and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the *truth*, by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance."

You are to notice the word "seek." "I seek the truth." So he did, always and honestly. It never injures us to do that. We have a right to do it. It is the only way to make our lives worth living.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus is said by many to have been the best man who ever lived, except Christ.

Emperor as he was, in a position to be maligned by the envious, I think there is no record of an evil word or act; no doubt of his sincerity and goodness; and his precious words are studied and quoted to-day, next to those of the Bible.

A FALSE friend and a shadow attend always when the sun shines.

Our Letter-Box.

THOSE who solved the diamond word-puzzle given in No. 6 had no trouble, we feel sure, in guessing the three names for which the letters "L. E. M." stand: Luther, the great reformer; Eisleben, his birth-place; Melancthon, his friend. Now, who is going to send us some account of these?

THE ADVENTURES OF A SNOWFLAKE.

BY CARRIE PARKER. 13 YEARS OLD.

EARLY one clear, cold December morning, a little snowflake floated through the air and landed gently on the top of a large house.

"Oh dear," it sighed, "I shall never see the world and its people at this rate. I wish one of those little breezes that are sporting over yonder would come and lift me down."

Just then a merry gust of wind went rushing by, and, unconsciously catching up the little snowflake, whirled it off of the roof, and on through the streets, never stopping until it reached a large shop. Here it rested a moment, and let the little snowflake fall on the edge of the outside sill of one of the shop's great windows.

After the little snowflake had regained her breath, she gazed around her in wonder. The ground was covered with soft white flakes like herself, and before her in the shop window appeared all manner of wonderful things.

"Oh!" sighed the little snowflake; and indeed it was a beautiful sight. There were horses, wagons, marbles, balls, ribbons, candies, — in fact, everything that any child could want.

"Oh," sighed the little snowflake again, "what a beautiful world this is!"

Just then the sound of bells — merry Christmas bells — was heard, and around the corner sped a sleigh, bearing a fat, jolly old gentleman. So white was his beard, so rosy were his cheeks, and so fat was his face that he looked like Santa Claus himself. He drew up his horses in front of the store where the little snowflake was, and whisked out of his cutter and in at the door so quickly that the little snowflake fairly held her breath. She then peeped in through the window and watched him laugh and joke with the clerk behind the counter while he ordered this and that, flew about in all directions, and charged everything to himself (Mr. Nicholas).

He popped out as quickly as he had popped in, and while he was arranging his parcels in his sleigh two boys came along.

"Hello, Santa Claus!" laughed one, catching up a handful of snow in which was our young friend, "give us leave!"

"Ho, ho, ho," chuckled the little old man, "Give him leave! to be sure! of course! Ho, ho, ho!" and springing into his sleigh he thought to elude them; but the boy was experienced, and aiming his blow well, threw the loose snow straight into the little old man's beard.

The little snowflake feels the man's beard shake, as he again laughs his merry "Ho, ho," and flies away at a lightning speed.

On and on they go, faster and faster, until they reach a large red brick house, facing on a broad avenue, into which the old man goes. The moment he opens the door five or six children rush out to meet him, all crying at once, and in one breath, "O grandpa, what did you bring us, and didn't you buy some candy, and won't you give us a sleigh ride?" and the baby's voice chimes in for candy.

"Not now, little one, for Santa Claus will be here to-night, I expect;" and he stooped to kiss the child.

As he did so the little snowflake dropped into her mouth, and she laughed and clapped her little hands in glee.

So with a sigh of contentment, and thinking, "Oh, what a beautiful world this is!" the little snowflake melted slowly away.

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 23, 14, 8, 11, 17, 6, 32, 28, Jesus loved.

My 3, 15, 1, 14, 5, 1, helped to feed the multitude who crowded to hear his words.

My 4, 15, 1, 14, 19, 18, 25, 26, 20, James, John, and Peter were.

My 9, 12, 20, 21, 1, Paul had learned the trade of making.

My 13, 2, 18, 5, Jesus performed for many who were sick.

My 10, 14, 8, 19, 3, was crucified with Jesus.

My 28, 15, 13, 24, 17, 26, 31, 27, 1, came to talk with Jesus by night.

My 7, 22, 29, 1, the Roman soldiers cast for the garments of Jesus.

My 16, 30, 18, 17, Jesus said it was not sufficient to call him; he wanted more and other service.

My whole is a saying of his that specially concerns the children.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. What ornaments were the Israelites in the custom of wearing?

32. Of what materials was their clothing made?

33. What colors are mentioned in the Old Testament as being in use for their garments?

34. What different sorts of garments are mentioned there?

35. What were the mourning garments worn by the Israelites?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOS. 6. and 7.

Enigma IV. Edward Everett Hale.

Enigma V. Do as you would be done by.

Enigma VI. Mississippi.

Enigma VII. Grover Cleveland.

Anagram. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

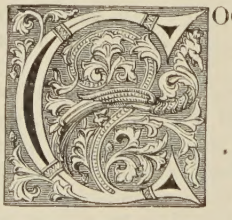
Diamond word-puzzle:

M
M A N
M E T A L
M A T T H E W
N A H U M
L E M
W

For Youngest Readers.

A NAUGHTY GIRL.

BY RUTH DANA.



COCO was three years old, — a plump, merry little girl, with fair hair, big brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and dimples and smiles.

One cool morning papa brought her to the sitting-room in her nightgown. Her curly hair was all in a tangle, her brown eyes looked cloudy, her rosy cheeks were *very* rosy; but though we looked and looked we could not find Coco's smiles, and her dimples were almost out of sight.

Mamma thought papa must have taken Coco out of the wrong side of the crib, she was so cross. She would have papa hold her, with her arms clinging about his neck, and her face hidden on his shoulder.

Breakfast was almost ready, but Coco could not be allowed to come to the table in her nightgown, with rumpled hair, and face and hands unwashed. So it seemed likely that she would be carried back to bed and left there till she chose to be good.

"Poor little girl!" said papa, "she must learn that she cannot have her own way."

"Co-co! Co-co!" called a pleasant voice. "Where's Coco? Has anybody seen my pet, my birdie?" And papa's sister Alice began looking all about the room, — under the table, under the sofa, in the closet, in the drawers, under the rugs, and finally in the stove.

Coco, who had been peeping over papa's shoulder, laughed outright at that. Aunt Alice laughed too, and going up to her brother, held out her arms for her pet, saying, "I should think you might have told me you had her. I've been calling and calling, and looking nearly everywhere, and I could n't find her anywhere I looked."

Papa smiled as he put Coco into the outstretched arms, but Aunt Alice looked quite shocked. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "this poor little birdie has no feathers, and we have not ten minutes to feather it. What shall be done? Do, Ned, see if you can find some feathers. Here's a red one, and here's another. We must put them on quickly;" and Coco's feet were slipped into the pretty stockings. "Thank you, Ned; white feathers are just what we want next. Hold up your wings, birdie." Off came the nightgown, and on went the under-clothes.

"What kind of a feather comes next?"

"Boo," said delighted Coco.

"Blue feather, Ned," called Aunt Alice; and papa pretended to hunt for it.

"Let's brush this top-knot while he is looking," whispered auntie; and her quick fingers smoothed out the tangles, and even sponged the rosy face and the two little hands, before papa brought the blue feather.

The little blue dress was but half-way on, when a bell rang. Aunt Alice looked disappointed and sorry. She put Coco on the floor, saying gravely, "You are not ready for breakfast. Go and ask papa what you are to do. Be quick, or he will be gone."

"Papa," said Coco, going to him as he paused in the doorway. She looked up at him with tears in the brown eyes, but said nothing more. Papa understood, however.

"I am sorry for you, Coco. If Aunt Alice is willing to put off her own breakfast long enough to finish dressing you, you may come to the table late this morning; but if you are naughty to-morrow you must go back to bed. Will you remember?"

"Yes, papa."

"And if Aunt Alice does not wish to wait to help you, you must go back to bed now. You may ask her."

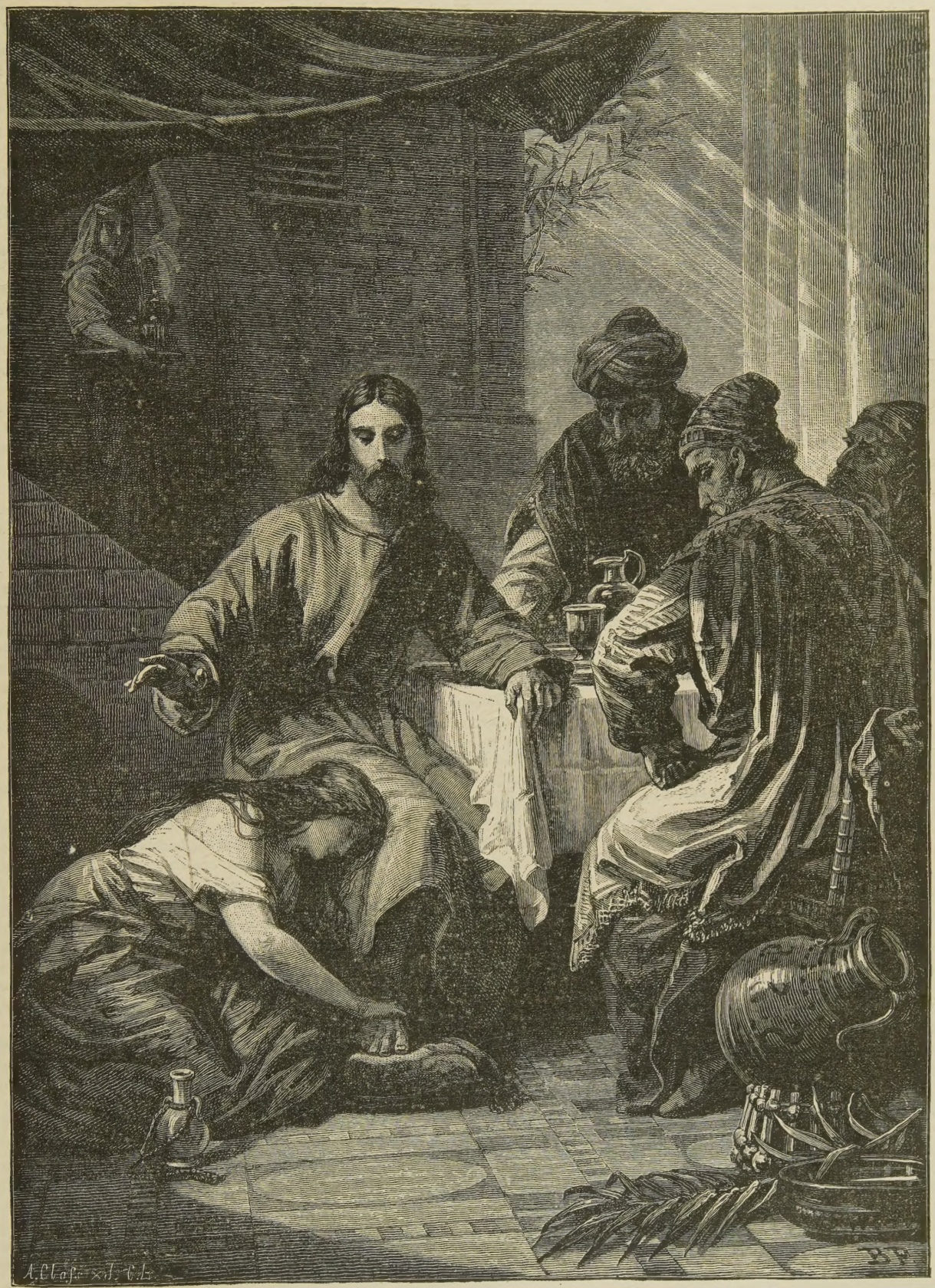
"Will oo dess me?" said Coco to Alice, lifting up a pleading face.

"Yes, darling."

"But you are not to wait for your breakfast another morning, Alice, if there should be a naughty child here," said papa.

"I think there will be no naughty child to-morrow morning, Ned," said Alice.

And Coco made up her mind to be good.



MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS. (John xii. 3–8.)

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

MY CANARY.

BY A. E. H. S.

About seven years ago, a canary bird was sent to me at Christmas time. I don't know why a bird should come at Christmas, excepting that Christmas-trees suggest birds; and Germany being the place of all places for Christmas home festivals, the bird was selected from that country.

This new member of the family was a cheerful little fellow; he began to sing right away. He seemed to like the cold weather. Perhaps he was born in the town of Andreasberg, way up in the Hartz Mountains, and first opened his eyes in the midst of great snow-drifts. He was not a very handsome fellow unless you looked at him very closely; and then the beautiful shades of dusky green, and the delicate browns and light fluffy gray down were wonderful.

He soon began to vary his notes, and frequently surprised us with new songs. And now, though he has been with us seven years, he frequently executes a new trill. He is not lazy; and his genius for singing, like all true genius, must be drilled and carefully studied. So he has practising times when he is alone. He goes over all his songs in a sweet, low tone, and tries new notes.

About five years ago he was left for several months with friends while we were travelling. The gentleman of the house whistled a great deal, and when we came back Birdie had a new accomplishment. He whistled the first line of "Flow gently, sweet Afton." His notes were so soft and liquid they were like the musical flow of the river itself. But the fourth note of the tune very often troubled him. He could not always strike it right. When he failed he would try for it, up and down, just that one note, and sometimes he would get so impatient and disgusted he would fairly scream a discordant note, and then burst into a very cascade of warbling notes that would come tumbling over each other, and nearly shake his little body from the perch. But he would always go back to the melody, and conquer it.

He is very fond of calling quite loud and answering almost in a whisper, so that if you are not in the room you think there are two or three birds. Sometimes in the summer time I am sure a boy is whistling to him in the street, and he is answering, until I go and look.

Not long ago we went to the Saratoga Conference, and Birdie was sent to a friend to be cared for. He was there two weeks, and we found he had not sung a note. He was so silent and morose they called him Dummy. He was brought home in the evening. The next morning, when I spoke to him, he jumped right up and down, and showed the greatest delight, and presently burst into joyful song, warbling, trilling through the whole range of silvery tones, and finishing with his best whistling ability.

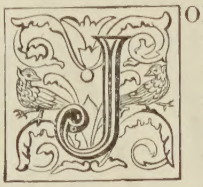
He is very tame, eating seeds off the finger or taking them daintily from the lips. He is fond of sugar, but very seldom has any offered him. In the summer he delights in plantain seed, and strips the long spikes very rapidly. He steps out of his cage when the door is open, and goes on little journeys around the room. He follows me when I go from one room to another, and if I go out quickly and call to him he follows the sound of my voice.

Sometimes he is laid down on his back, with his feet up; and he lies perfectly still, his little black eyes glistening.

Once in a while a little kitten is brought into the family circle. She is immediately introduced to Birdie, and told in very firm tones that she is never to think how good birds taste when she is in the room with this particular birdie. If Kitty does not understand, her little nose is rubbed against the cage. So many kittens have had their noses rubbed against the wires, Birdie seems to recognize the process. Perhaps he enjoys it as a joke. But the result is that Birdie has never been disturbed by the kittens, but still sings on joyfully, making us all happy.

HOW JOHNNY LEARNED A LESSON.

BY J. O. NORRIS.



OHNNY ARKWRIGHT did not look happy. He was standing in the back yard looking hard at a knot-hole in the fence; he had thrust both hands into his pants pockets, and his right foot had already scooped out quite a furrow in the earth as he swung it impatiently to and fro.

Johnny was ordinarily bright-looking, cheerful in expression, even handsome; but this morning his brow was scowling, his lips pouting, and his eyes had an unkindly and fierce flash that would have been dreadful in a man, but was rather comical than otherwise in this little boy.

He gave the ground an extra hard kick, and said: "Nobody has such a hard time as I have. Here I've got to go to the store this morning, and then to the post-office, and then perhaps somewhere else, all for mother; and as soon as I get that all done I shall have to rake up leaves, pick some apples, or do something for father.

"I don't believe there ever were such a cross father and mother as mine are. They don't let me have anything that I want either.

"I asked pa the other day for a pony and phaeton like Will Thornton's; but he laughed, and said he could n't afford that, and he did n't believe one pony would satisfy me long even if he *could* afford it.

"Yesterday I wanted a suit of clothes with long pants, a high collar, and a round-topped hat like Tom's, with a stiff brim; but ma said no, that I must wait until I was as old as Tom; and besides that, I didn't need any new clothes now; so I must wear my old knickerbocker suit all winter, I suppose.

"I could n't have a gun when I wanted it last fall, because they were afraid I would shoot myself, — just as if I could n't take care of myself, and did n't know about some things!

"When I get to be a man, and have a little boy, I 'll get him everything he wants; and I won't be mean or stingy either, I tell you. He shall have a pony and a donkey and a goat and two dogs, some rabbits, a tame squirrel, a boat, and a gun all his own, plenty of money to spend as he likes, and lots of things more that I can't think of now. I 'll write 'em all down on a paper sometime, and keep 'em to show father some day. Maybe it 'll do for my next composition at school."

After expressing, in this emphatic way, his views as to what a boy should have, Johnny seemed to feel better. He had found some relief in scolding, and was in a better condition to do the errands that his mother had asked him to do. He did not want to run on errands, he wanted to play foot-ball; and he had not learned to give up his own pleasure for the sake of aiding some one else.

He felt that he must go, that it was his duty to go, and he could not refuse; nor would he deceive his mother and pretend to go, while really disobeying her. The only trouble was that he could not yield pleasantly, and could not feel right about it. He felt abused, ill-treated, as you have seen; and as some of you, and some of us who are older, have felt under similar circumstances that we can recall, not with pleasure.

So Johnny went on his errands, and afterward went to the post-office. Then he went back to his foot-ball, and forgot in a few minutes all his crossness and all his ills and burdens; so that when he came in for luncheon, rosy and excited, he would not have been taken for the same boy that had made his mark in the back yard that morning.

He was surprised to find his father at home so early; but was delighted to hear him say, "It is such a beautiful day that I have come out early to take you and your mother to drive up round the pond. I think the Fells must be very beautiful this afternoon."

"O mother! may I dress up in my best clothes, and wear my new silk stockings?" said Johnny.

"Yes, when it is time to start; but I cannot go until after two o' clock, for Mrs. Bean is coming to see me a few minutes then about the Fair, and she is so busy that I cannot disappoint her."

Just as the lunch was over, the door-bell rang; and Johnny took it upon himself to go to the door, as children will sometimes.

He came back in a minute, and said, "Mr. Thames is at the door, and wants to see you, mother." And then he followed along to find out what was Mr. Thames's errand; for Mr. Thames was a kind-hearted workman whom Johnny's father often employed, and to whom Johnny had become somewhat friendly, because he always explained things, did not get tired of answering questions, and did not keep saying, "Take care," "Don't touch that," "Come, run away," as many such men do; so Johnny listened and heard Mr. Thames's story.

It was about a poor family, neighbors of his. The father had been a soldier, and on account of disease contracted in the army, serving his country, was unable to do any work. For some time the mother had been ill, and their only means of support and of paying the rent was the small pension allowed to disabled soldiers. The children needed clothing, Mr. Thames said; and any that had been out-grown or cast aside by Mrs. Arkwright's family would be of great benefit to these needy ones.

Johnny's heart swelled and his eyes grew moist as he listened to Mr. Thames's story, and it was no hardship to assist his mother to make up a bundle, nor to run half a mile to his aunt's house for some additional garments to put into it; and he almost clapped his hands when he saw Mr. Thames start away with a bundle on his shoulder that completely hid his head, so that he looked like a big canvas-bag walking away on two legs.

When Johnny came to dress to go to ride he did not complain of his clothes, but kept up a sort of thinking that made him look serious.

He did not long continue to look so, but gave himself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, the spirited horse, which he proudly drove for a good part of the way, the familiar sound of the blue-jay in the tall trees, the leaping, racing squirrels gathering nuts, the beautiful glimpses of water through the trees, and the balmy air of the mild October afternoon.

Every moment was a pleasure; and as they turned into the main street on their return home

Johnny said, "Isn't it fine, mother? Haven't we had a good time?"

Just as he was speaking they met a line of carriages coming slowly up the street. "Why, father," said Johnny; "I didn't know there was any funeral to-day! Whose is it?"

"Mr. Thornton's," replied his father; "he died very suddenly three days ago, while in New York on business;" and then he added to his wife, "It was a terrible shock to all the family, and poor Willie, the only son, seems quite unable to bear it."

Johnny said no more during the remainder of the ride, and was very quiet during dinner; but that evening, as he was sitting before the fire with his father, who was reading the evening paper, he suddenly exclaimed, —

"How different a fellow feels sometimes from what he does other times, does n't he, papa?"

"Yes, I presume so. Why?" said his father.

"Oh, I was thinking that this morning I was wishing I had a pony like Will Thornton, and clothes like somebody else, and a lot more things, and I did n't want to do errands, or anything else; but now it seems to me as long as I have you and mamma, and such a good home, and clothes such as I have, that I don't want anything more."

"Ah, Johnny," said his father, "you have had a taste of a truth which will come back to you many times. If we spend our lives thinking chiefly of ourselves, wanting what is not within our power rightly to possess, happiness will flee from us, and discontent and unthankfulness will grow up in our hearts. If, on the other hand, we think of what we have, prizing it at its true worth, its value will seem to increase, and devout gratitude will arise in our hearts for all the blessings that have been ours in the past and that are ours in the present."

CLASS EXERCISE ON BETHANY.

For Younger Pupils.

WRITTEN FOR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

TEACHER. The New Testament tells us of three very dear friends that Jesus had. Can you tell me their names?

Answer. Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

Question. Where did they live?

Ans. In Bethany.

Ques. How large a place was Bethany, and what city was it near?

Ans. It was a village, and stood upon the side of the Mount of Olives, not quite two miles from Jerusalem.

Ques. What wonderful event took place in Bethany of which St. John tells us?

Ans. The raising of Lazarus from the dead.

Ques. Read aloud the story as it is in the New Testament. [Let the verses John xi. 1 to 45 be read by the class, each speaking in turn.]

Ques. We hear of Lazarus once more after his wonderful coming back to life. Can you tell me when and where?

Ans. In Bethany, at the house of one Simon, a leper, with whom Jesus was staying. (Matt. xxvi. 7; John xii. 1.)

Ques. What is told us about Jesus' stay there?

Ans. A supper was made for him, and Lazarus and his two sisters were present. Martha served at the table, while Mary anointed the feet of Jesus with some precious ointment, and wiped them with the hair of her head. (John xii. 1–9.) [See the picture on page 69 of this No. of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.]

Ques. Did this act of Mary please the others who were at supper with Jesus?

Ans. No; they felt it was a great waste of money, and they exclaimed against it. Judas Iscariot, the disciple who afterwards betrayed Jesus, asked why the ointment had not been sold and the money given to the poor.

Ques. What reply did Jesus make to that?

Ans. (Repeat Mark xiv. 6, 7, 8, 9.)

Ques. What did Jesus mean by saying that Mary had "anointed his body aforehand for the burying"?

Ans. He referred to his death, which he knew would soon take place.

Ques. There is another interesting event in the life of Jesus connected with Bethany. Can you tell what I refer to?

Ans. His public entry into Jerusalem a day or two after this supper.

Ques. Read the account of it found in St. Mark's gospel.

Ans. (Repeat Mark xi. 1–12.)

Ques. How did the people know that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem at that time?

Ans. Jerusalem was full of people who had come there to celebrate the Passover, — a Jewish feast, which would occur in a few days, — and many of them had been up to Bethany to see Jesus, of whom they had heard, and Lazarus whom he had raised from the dead. It was from seeing Lazarus that many of them believed in Jesus. (John xii. 9–13.)

Ques. Is Bethany mentioned again in the New Testament?

Ans. Yes; it was at Bethany, after his resurrection, that Jesus parted from his disciples and was taken up into heaven. (Repeat Luke xxiv. 50, 51.)

Ques. Bethany, then, is connected in our minds with what events in Jesus' life? Let us mention them.

Together. (1) His love for his three friends and their love for him. (2) The raising of Lazarus from the dead. (3) The supper at the house of Simon the leper, where Mary anointed the feet of Jesus. (4) The public entry into Jerusalem. (5) The final parting of Jesus from his disciples.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE SHOCK.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 30, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR, — It is of no sort of consequence in my own mind, and I much deprecate it when persons hasten to correct what easily corrects itself, or is of no matter if uncorrected; but when my Domestic Censor read my account of "Our Babe in the Manger" in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY of December 14, she exclaimed, "Why, how could you say persons choose the most *lonely* place to dwell in, when you know so well that many, even to this day, do not like to go alone into the upper rooms of their houses by night, and even by day are too nervous and apprehensive to sit an hour alone?" "It should have been 'lowly,'" I said. "Oh, of course! It makes all the difference in the world! That is true; this is untrue. You don't think you had better send a note and correct it?" "Oh, no; what is the odds? To those not in the atmosphere, one word is as good as another. They can't realize the fact." But after all, dear Mr. Editor, the choice between the words is the choice between description and misrepresentation. The last thing many persons here want is to be *alone*, especially as darkness shuts down, and the sense comes over them of added difficulty if flight should be necessary. Foolish as it is, we cannot reprove it severely, when we see the sudden blanch of apprehension come upon the faces of persons who have in general recovered their serenity, and are really happy again in the midst of pleasant diversion or occupation. The only thing for us who are strong is to "bear the infirmity of the weak," and not to speak the word *earthquake* after a certain hour of the day; also not to compel bravery where Nature has not yet restored it.

To those not in the experience it must seem impossible that intelligent and sensible persons could be so permanently deprived of courage as to deliberately provide against any necessity of being separated from the cheery group after dark, and that ladies should bring down their evening occupations to the common sitting-room by day, and in all such ways plan to be not "lonely," but *together*, in the "lowest" rooms. And yet this is so. A sort of irresistible paralysis seizes upon the nerves of many and checks the heart-beat and brings an anxious shadow to the countenance and a quick, unconscious glance to the eye on any mention of "the late unpleasantness," — a ghostly fear of something they "don't believe will happen; oh, no!"

The old-time negro "mammas" used to entertain the children at night with fearful and picturesque stories of "de chillun wut went down to de ribber fur git a rhinos'ros steak, and go home fur eat a big supper. En arter wile de nos'ros 'esef come up to de house fur 'e steak; en 'e come up to de chillun wut eat 'e steak, en 'e say, 'oo-oo-oo' awful; en 'e steak wut's inside 'e chillun, 'e answer outen 'em, en 'e say, 'oo-oo-oo,' too," etc., till the children were sufficiently thrilled, and a dread uncertainty seized them, especially in view of what might yet be the intercourse between the hacked "nos'ros outen 'em" and the stolen steaks inside. Something like this vague "don't-speak-of-it" terror still hangs over households that four months ago learned what real terror is.

And again, it could scarcely be believed that very many persons do not yet properly and comfortably undress at night; that some even carefully "dress for the street," so to speak; and some have not yet lain down on a bed at night since the earthquake. And yet this is so. I am told of one lady who still dresses for a possible quake, even to her hat, and spends the night sitting in a rocking-chair, with a hand-satchel standing on the floor each side of her! Of the truth of this story I cannot vouch (not having visited her at such times), but I have no doubt it is true. Even an "earthquake" has its ludicrous side; and a brave look at it with laughter in the morning is a good provision for composure at night. Households are still inclined to be "lowly," but are not yet ready to be "lonely."

Very truly yours,

E. C. L. BROWNE,

Pastor of the Charleston Unitarian Church.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

How can a teacher really help her pupils to understand religious truth?

By bringing the truth she wishes to impress upon her pupils' minds into a living relation with their present knowledge. For example, children know that a wise parent will not grant a foolish request: apply this to the doctrine of prayer.

If a boy is musical and yet will shout in the singing, should he be allowed to sing?

If he does not "shout" for the purpose of disturbing the other singers, and is really "musical," a few lessons or suggestions from a singing-master will change the quality of his performance. Most children can be made to sing properly. A persistent noise-maker should be silenced.

Is it not a legitimate part of rational study to try to read out of the life and character of Jesus much that has been read into them?

If our inquirer means, Should we not study the life of Jesus without theological bias or prejudice? we reply, Certainly. But there are dangers in two opposite directions. If the theologian too often reads his tenets into the history, the sceptic just as often reads into it his critical doubts. A wholly unprejudiced reader of the Gospels is rarely found. Great persons whose moral and spiritual elevation the ages have recognized should always be reverently studied; and on the whole

an over-estimate of so exalted a soul as Jesus is less likely to harm us than a patronizing criticism, which begins by assuming that we know more about ethics and religion than the rest of mankind, and so are justified in taking a lower view of the heroes and saviours of the world.

How can we prevent candy-eating in Sunday-school?

Borrow a hint from the Boston Warren Street Chapel Sunday-school. In that school is an active A. C. E. Society (Anti-Candy Excursion Society). This Society collects fines for candy-eating, whether the candy is eaten in Sunday-school or elsewhere, and spends the money for summer outings, or winter sociables. The Club prints, by hektograph process, a monthly illustrated paper, and has we are sure a good time generally. Try some such plan in *your* school.

What are questions for in our Sunday-school Manuals, if they are not to be used in the recitation?

They are simply a guide to illustrate what the teacher herself may and should do. At the recitation the teacher should frame her own question, from her study of the lesson, her knowledge of her pupil's minds, and her immediate aim in the teaching-exercise. Questions in a manual may aid the pupil by directing his attention to points which he should particularly examine, and by exciting thought and inquiry.

Why is punctuality desirable at Sunday-school?

1. For the teacher, — because it gives her an opportunity of saying a word of welcome to her class, and of speaking to individual members, — thus improving acquaintance and getting *en rapport* with the scholars, which cannot be accomplished by a tardy teacher.

2. For the pupil, — because even the small virtues can be acquired only by practising them; and a disregard of punctuality in the Sunday-school will foster the bad habit of tardiness in other places, and tend to make one careless about keeping one's engagements.

Our Book Table.

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Baby-land. Boston: D. Lothrop, & Co. pp. 104. Price, 50 cents.

With its clear type, handsome pictures, short stories, and pretty "jingles," Baby-land ranks among the best of the juvenile illustrated magazines. The bound volume for 1886 is filled with delightful reading-matter, and unusually good illustrations.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. pp. 209. Price, $2.00.

This is certainly the "prize volume" among the books for children which have lately been published. It holds the attention of the reader from the opening page to the closing sentence. The hero is as manly a boy as Tom Brown, with the sweetness and tenderness of a noble-hearted girl. Through all his romantic career he retains the native purity and simplicity of his character, is loving and loyal to his mother, true to his early friends, and with an unconscious grace wins the *blasé* old Earl, his English grandfather, from avarice and selfishness to the life of a true nobleman. When a writer of Mrs. Burnett's superior abilities uses her pen to portray in charming colors a lofty ideal of child-life, all lovers of children must feel an impulse of gratitude for so beautiful an illustration of *noblesse oblige*.

Prince Peerless. A Fairy Folk Story-Book. By the Hon. Margaret Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

As the title explains, this is a collection of fairy tales, — and very quaint tales they are, with just a touch of the weird. Some are merely delicate fancies or grotesque bits, with no particular moral, but illustrating the romance of the Border Counties, with which the author is thoroughly imbued. Others carry with them a positive lesson, which will be all the more acceptable to children under story guise. K. L. B.

The Full Stature of a Man. By Julian Worth. Boston, Mass: D. Lothrop & Co.

This well known firm have given us a strong, pointed story, in which the essentials of manly Christian living are emphasized, rather than minor elements of doctrine. We are not told the denominational preferences of the author, but it is refreshing to note that he goes down deep, and rests upon those great facts of love, faith, and service in which all Christians may joyfully unite. The reader's interest in the book is stimulated to the end. K. L. B.

New Every Morning. A Year Book for Girls. Edited by Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 196. Price, $1.00.

This Year Book for Girls, is a new departure in the line of books for daily reading. It contains quotations which have to do with daily conduct and common duties. The compiler has drawn from a large reservoir of helpful and suggestive writings, and the young girl who reads each morning the new selection for the day ought to be at the end of the year wiser, better, and happier than before.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

Applied Christianity. Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 320. Price, $1.25.

Our Sunday-school teachers, especially those who have charge of older classes, should read this book, and carefully ponder its teachings. Christianity, Dr. Gladden tells us, is, in its largest sense, that form of social order whose organizing force is the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Whatever therefore relates to that social order, whether it be the acquisition and use of wealth, the employment of laborers, the amusements of the people, or popular education, should be viewed in the light of Christ's teachings and tested by the spirit of his life. In clear and vigorous style Dr. Gladden ably discusses the various social questions of the times, and shows the plain path of duty for the disciple of Christ to follow. The volume is a valuable reference book for those who are studying Mr. Dole's manual, "The Citizen and Neighbor."

The Problem of the Fourth Gospel. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: George H. Ellis. pp. 70. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Dr. Clarke has given us a book which will be very helpful to all Sunday-school teachers who study the Fourth Gospel for the spiritual teaching it conveys. That Gospel is to so many Christians the "Heart of Christ," as Dr. Sears called it, that this reverent and thoughtful discussion of its claims to be received as a true transcript of the life and teaching of Jesus will be welcomed by all candid inquirers.

Sunday-School Intelligence.

From the new Catalogue of Membership of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union, we learn that this year forty schools are represented by one hundred and fourteen Delegates. There are also eight Delegates at Large, making the total membership one hundred and twenty-two, — the largest number yet reached by the Union.

At the December meeting of the Union nearly one hundred and seventy persons — members and guests — were present. The principal exercise was a Class-lesson for Primary Pupils, given by Miss Lucy Wheelock, of the Chauncy Hall School. To the readers of Every Other Sunday Miss Wheelock is well known from her charming stories contributed to our paper. Many of the children have also read with delight her translations of the German story-books of Johanna Spyri, — "Red Letter Stories," and "Uncle Titus." No report can do justice to the magnetic power and simple eloquence of this teaching-exercise. The members of the Union were made over for the time into little children, and laughed and cried as the beautiful lesson of Christmas was unfolded by apt question, choice illustration, and humorous or pathetic story. It was in the best sense of the word a "teaching-exercise;" and every teacher in the audience must have gone away wiser and better. Mrs. C. H. Colburn followed Miss Wheelock with a thoughtful paper on the "New Methods of Primary class Instruction," opening the way to an interesting general discussion.

The Normal Class Lecture-talks in Channing Hall, arranged by the Sunday-School Society, have been largely attended.

The order of speakers and topics for January and February, 1887, is as follows: January 6, 13, 20, 27, and February 3, Rev. Brooke Herford will speak on *Studies in the Old Testament Stories*. February 10, 17, 24, and March 3, Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., will speak on the *Connection between the Old and New Testaments*. These lecture-talks are given Thursday afternoons at 3.30 o'clock, and are free to all. As no detailed reports of them are published, all our teachers who can attend should try to be present at every meeting.

Many will entreat the favor of the prince: and every man is a friend to him that giveth.

The miller cannot grind with the water that is past.

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